By this one bloodie triall of sharpe warre.

1. *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloody homicide.

2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.

3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.

Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Bosworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why lookest thou so sad?

Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.

King. Norffolke, come hither:
Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.

King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe?

Nor. Sixe or seuen thousand is their greatest number.

King. Why our battalion trebels that account,
Besides, the kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a busie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The wearie Sunne hath made a golden seate,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is sir William *Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord Stanley quarterd, doest thou know?

Blunt. Vnles I haue mistane his colours much. Which

Which well I am assured I haue not
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at le
South from the mightie power of t

Rich. If without perill it be po
Good captain Blunt beare my good
And giue him from me, this most n

Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, I

Rich. Farewell good Blunt.
Giue me some Inke and paper in m
Ile draw the forme and modle of ou
Limit each leader to his seuerall cha
And part in iust proportion our sm
Come, let vs consult vpon to morro
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and c

Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ra

King. What is a clocke?

Cat. It is sixe of the clocke, full su

King. I will not sup to night, giue
What is my beuer easier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent

Cat. It is my liege, and all things

King. Good Norffoke hie thee t
Vse carefull watch, chuse trustie Ce

Nor. I goe my Lord.

King. Stur with the Larke to mo

Nor. I warrant you my Lord.

King. Catesbie.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Send out a Pursuant at
To Stanleys regement, bid him bri
Before Sun rising, least his sonne G
Into the blinde caue of eternall nigh
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a
Saddle white Surrey for the field to
Looke that my staues be sound and

Rat. My Lord.

King. Saweſt thou the melancho

Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surr
Much about Cockshut time, from t